SKETCHES FROM SUMURUN.

SCENE 8—SUMURUN.

Edison at 65 Years

Continued from first page.

Bell receiver, the latter being more simple and cheaper. Sir Richard Webster, now Chief Justice of England, was my counsel and sustained all my patents for many years. Webster had a marvellous capacity for understanding things scientific, and his address before the courts was lucidity itself. His brain is highly organized."

A testimonial was presented to Mr. Edison by T. C. Martin, and Edward H. Johnson gave the inventor a silver loving cup on behalf of Mr. Edison's principal associates. Mr. Insull responded for Mr. Edison to the congratulatory speeches that were made.

In the course of the reception that followed the dinner Mr. Edison was asked if the young men of to-day had as good opportunities as "his boys" enjoyed in the 70's.

"Better," he replied. "Trouble is the young fellows of to-day don't have enough snap or ambition. They need somebody jagging 'em up all the time—study the clock too much. Hard to get the right ones."

It was suggested that perhaps these young men were preparing themselves for the socialists' four-hour working day.

"I don't believe in socialism," he replied. "It's a wild dream. If they ever got a four-hour working day the socialists would want double pay because they would have twice as much time to spend it in. Socialists don't want to work. The men who make a success want to work. Socialism will never get there. Did you ever hear of any of theose colonistic things that didn't break down? Socialism will break down."

Mr. Edison said he had always read novels with keen enjoyment. Dickens's centenary being mentioned, he said his favorite among that author's books was "A Tale of Two Cities." Attention was called to the apparent difficulty encountered by the American committee in raising funds for the Dickens heirs.

MR. EDISON'S EXPLANATION.

"That sort of thing doesn't appeal to the American people," Mr. Edison replied. "The American people haven't much sympathy for a lot of grandchildren of anybody who can't rustle around a little bit for themselves. I should think that they would go without rather than ask for help of this sort. Their grandfather wouldn't have done it."

Two of the guests were laughing over the recollection of Mr. Edison's advice to a man of their acquaintance, given by the inventor in the early 80's. To this man Mr. Edison said:

"You're too damned popular; go get some enemies."

There was a knot of storage battery men present. Talk drifted to a discussion of the rough road that Mr. Edison had had to travel to bring his storage battery to a perfected state. Some one laughingly reminded the crowd of Mr. Edison's early estimate of the storage battery. The comments bore on the early type of lead cell. The fact was noted that on various occasions since Mr. Edison had been facetiously reminded of these criticisms.

One of the group recalled that Mr. Edison had said: "I know of nothing that will so develop a man's latent capacity for lying as a storage battery."

"Yes," laughed another man, "and do you remember that he said at another time that if the Almighty had ever intended lead to be used in a storage battery He would have made it lighter?"

"Yes," chimed in another early associate of the inventor, "and you remember that at another time he said: 'The damned thing's wet.'"

Among those who filed out of the dining-room to met their friends who arrived for the reception were Charles A. Benton, prominently connected with Mr. Edison in the early electric light days and afterward with the Sprague Railway and Motor Company; William A. Brock, who is at the head of the big lighting and power plant at Paterson, N. J.; Charles L. Clarke, formerly chief engineer at No. 65 Fifth avenue and connected with Mr. Edison's early work at Menlo Park; Charles A. Coffin, president of the General Electric Company; W. H. Meadowcroft, formerly connected with the parent Edison Company and at present at the Orange laboratory.

EDUCATIONAL PICTURES SHOWN.

Moving pictures were thrown on the screen while the hundred or more experts smoked Mr. Edison's cigars and applauded. Some examples of educational pictures were shown in which the evolution of insect and plant life, etc., were greatly enlarged and beautifully colored. To a guest who sat near Mr. Edison, the inventor said he was getting up a series of moving pictures for use in the public schools.

"I want to teach children between the years of nine and fifteen," said Mr. Edison, "all about electric light, chemistry, mechanical operations and so forth. I am going about it practically. Teach 'em by moving pictures how to pump water by the screw system and bucket system, for instance, and then have the children write down exactly how they understood it. Going to 'try it on the dog' in the Orange schools first.

"I'm going to teach school children the history of the United States in a way they will not forget. We will have the Ride of Paul Revere, the Battle of Lexington, the Landing of Columbus—show the whole business. We have gone to Concord for scenery for one of our pictures. We'll have the right surroundings for all of 'em."

"Will the system, if adopted, be very expensive for the schools?" Mr. Edison was asked.

"About the salary of the janitor for the daily lessons," he replied. "Going to work in one drama each day when we start the system in the Orange schools," Mr. Edison continued. "Want to make it so that children will want to go to school—get rid of the truant officers—fix it so the children will come early and stay late. You know, children are terrible rubbernecks. They ask a million questions. The old man doesn't know how to answer them; the mother doesn't know. I want to catch them when their minds are plastic and show them things they will never forget."

The guest asked Mr. Edison whether the idea might not be a good one to introduce in colleges also.

"There are a lot in Harvard who could learn a lot without hurting 'em any," laughed Mr. Edison. "But the time to catch 'em is between nine and fifteen," continued the inventor, seriously. "They will assimilate anything then easily. After that it becomes hard."

The guests were departing. Mr. Edison stood at the door to say a separate goodby to each one.

"Hope you live to be a hundred," shouted a hearty friend.

"More!" ejaculated Mr. Edison.

And he looked it.

Wealth in Garbage

Continued from fourth page.

lar construction find the steam ash, or coarse ash, collected from power plants just the thing to use as a base, for it affords a nearly perfect drainage.

Contractors erecting buildings furnish a great demand for this coarse ash, using it as filling for walls designed to be sound-proof and fireproof, also for arch filling. Frequently the same material is used by them for making floor slabs in reinforced concrete construction. The fact that its use is indorsed by fire experts and fire underwriter rules perhaps has something to do with the demand exceeding the amount of material available. Only one thing is necessary in order to obtain a good price—the ash must be clean.

Street sweepings would seem to make good fertilizer, but it is proved that they have almost no profitable value for such purposes. Farmers now refuse to pay even the freight on shipments such as used to be sent out. They contain about 50 per cent inorganic matter, such as iron filings from vehicles and horses' shoes, grindings from the pavement, dust, etc.

A DANGER TO BE AVOIDED.

Garbage is sometimes spread in the raw state upon farm land and ploughed in or buried in deep holes. Absence of air prevents rapid disintegration, so, where material is mixed and used as land fill, it does not consume unless the ground cracks open. If such plan were followed epidemics of disease might follow in such neighborhoods when trenching for sewer or water construction is made. Not long ago excavators at work near the city of Rome unearthed an offal dump over 3,000 years old. Such a stench came forth from this ancient but undigested waste matter that work had to be stopped.

Many curious stories are told around the offices of the garbage disposal plants. Not infrequently Italian workers on the garbage piles supplement their noonday meals by bits of bread they pick up. Sometimes, for some curious reason, roasts of meat nearly intact are found in the garbage. The lucky discoverer heats it and counts the meal enjoyable. We will trust that the heating is an effectual sterilization.

"Hunger never saw bad bread," said Ben Franklin.

Folks say there is money in garbage. There is money in it. Not a day passes but dimes, nickels, money of all nations and denominations, is found by lucky workers at the plant. Down in one of the offices of the Street Cleaning Department is a good old $1 bill that was found July 31, 1902, in the tailings from the screens at the plant on Barren Island. It went through the entire process that the garbage undergoes. It was steam-cooked for twelve hours in a big digester at a 70-pound pressure, then passed under a 350-ton hydraulic press, and conveyed, with tankage, into the dryer house, where, in a hot-air drier, it was in a temperature of 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit. After passing through the centrifugal screens it came out into the tailings.

MISFORTUNE HAD AGED IT.

That was making a dollar go some! No wonder it lost its greenness and became the complexion of a cigarette fiend.

Mr. Very, the busy and courteous sanitary engineer, who supplied many of the facts furnished, has an old Luxembourg centime of 1836, found in the garbage.

The boy loving marbles would be amazed to see the great quantity assorted from garbage in the course of the year. Not many of them were ever used to play "nibs," either. They come with refuse from manufactories, where they are used for pulverizing purposes.

Then there is old furniture galore—sofas, beds, mattresses, springs, chairs—most of it to be consumed by the huge furnaces. Trunks are there, too, that have travelled far and are now on their last journey.

Diamonds and other jewelry, too, frequently find their way into the disposal plant, usually, to be sure, of a value about equal to that of the pearl from a restaurant oyster, and often collected from a Cherry street garbage can.

The work of cleaning the greater city keeps busy a force of 508 officers and 4,636 men in the boroughs of Manhattan, Brooklyn and The Bronx. The other two sparsely settled boroughs are handled separately, their problems being rather those of groups of villages than of a big city. Nor does this count the men employed directly by the contractors.

In the three boroughs the cost of disposal of the entire refuse averages about 47½ cents a ton.

A DIVISION OF THE BURDEN.

In various ways the Street Cleaning Department is relieved of part of its burden. For example, all dead animals found in the street are handled by the Health Department, which lets out the privilege of disposal. Every carcass yields a profit. A dead horse is worth $14 on an average, more than some of them are worth alive. Hair, hide, hoof, bones, blood and entrails, every part is made useful.

Junk men, charitable associations and swill men collect many tons of refuse that would otherwise be left to the city. Janitors in apartment houses often assort the waste and sell papers, bones, bottles, etc. Hotels and restaurants sell their garbage direct. The custom began by one contractor guaranteeing to return to Delmonico's all the silver found in their garbage. The offer was accepted and the arrangement proved satisfactory. Now it is no uncommon thing for a contractor to pay $3,000 a year for the privilege of removing the swill from a big hotel.

Then, too, some housewives, particularly among the thrifty Germans, utilize their own waste for the most part.

There is in this problem, as in most others, a great diversity of opinion and practice. Some cities manage their own plants, others follow New York's contract system. Some believe in total destruction of waste; others practise every degree of utilization. The cities of this country, experts declare, which have gone furthest in settling the problem are Seattle, Columbus and Cleveland.

It remains to be seen what will be New York's next step in this direction.

The Yankee Is Disappearing and Foreign Hordes Overrun New England

Continued from third page.

Approaching Lawrence, the distant chimney stacks and brick buildings of all sizes that dot the way tell of the factory town. Ere long we are crossing the broad Merrimac at South Lawrence, and after devious windings and twists we are debarking at Main street. It is a mill emporium, but think not that an air of cheapness and dinginess pervades this region. Ah, no; the store buildings and business blocks rival in neatness, up-to-dateness and all around modernness the middle of some metropolis. The largest cotton mill in the world is here and rival structures line the Merrimac for miles. Their vastness makes the visitor thing of the rolling mills beyond the Alleghenies.

A strike is on and, instead of the crowds of Saturday evening bargainers and roamers, want is in the very air of the city. Stores are running on half lighting, many shops are closed, soldiers patrol the ways to the mills, bedlam, disorganization, worry over what may take place next are features of the locality you have suddenly dropped into. What is it all about? What is the true inwardness of the strike?

Well, here is the carefully stated synopsis: The men average a weekly wage of from $6 to $8! Fact, my friend, fact. The state law restricting to fifty-four hours' labor a week meant a decrease of 40 cents in the weekly wage.

Now, before you pooh-pooh or affect to exclaim scornfully: "So twenty thousand Poles, Lithuanians, Italians and Jews struck because of a trivial decrease in wages!" just face the dreadful domestic problem which these mill workers face and then ask yourself if you have the heart to speak sneeringly of their troubles.

Rent averages from $2 to $3 a week. The wife in these families bears on an average one child every two years and many of them have a child each year! They marry at sixteen to seventeen, and it is a common condition to find a woman of not over twenty-three with half a dozen little ones about her. Now, think of what distance $6 to $8 will go in supporting a family of six to eight!

Right here it is well to cope with the question: "How is it, then, that the foreigner will come over to America in the steerage, be equipped with nothing but the clothes on his back and in an amazingly short time actually be owning property, buildings and tenements?"

The answer: The "barracks system," and eating fruit, spaghetti and stews!

The "barracks system" is almost an unknown scheme to the public, but it is the explanation of the oft-repeated speculative remark: "How do those foreigners get prosperous on nothing?"

Suppose a Polish young fellow of twenty marries a Polish girl of seventeen. They rent a tenement at $2 or $3 a week and turn it into a literal barrack room. The young husband brings in four to eight of his bachelor countrymen and they sleep, these "boarders," in a room, say ten by eight feet, wherein are four iron beds, bought from second hand dealers for $4!

Now comes one of the most curious of all the details of the "barracks" plan. These boarders do not pay a stated sum for their weekly meals and sleeping bunk. They buy their own food and pay the woman of the establishment for the cooking only! They pay her $1.50 a week, she furnishing the coffee and sugar, but all else is bought by the lodger.

Thus, out of this three room or four room "tenement," costing from $8 to $12 a month, there is often derived an income of $48 a month. When from $200 to $300 are saved the thrifty young Polish pair begin the erection of a "barracks" building of their own!

Here is another interesting fact with regard to "how those Greeks or Italians can ever manage to live on refuse fruit." If the banana pedler or the Greek fruitstand fellow were to eat a couple of bananas or bit of other fruit and then eat of meat, soup or fleshly food he soon would be hungry again, "but," explained a Greek to me, "eet ees the queer of it: you eat only fruit and one kind fruit at time an' you go for long, long time and you no hungree 'tall!" (You may doubt it, but actual test will prove the correctness of the Greek's assertion.)

Now, what about the law and the foreign element? Take them as a class, consider the numbers of them, and it must be admitted that they are disposed to learn "American ways" and obey the law. They love to play cards and games, these fellows, and the stringent and eccentric laws in Massachusetts with regard to gaming enable a policeman, if he wishes, to have a lot of fun. For instance, it may be one minute past midnight of a Saturday. You and your wife may oe playing that old-fashioned amusement known as "checkers," yet you can be arrested and fined! For what? "For gaming on the Lord's day!" Indeed, the Massachusetts statutes and remnants of blue laws and blue laws never repealed are so many and such a disgrace that a schemer can dig up a forgotten rule or find a twist for a recently enacted one to use in causing the arrest of almost any individual against whom he has a grudge or who can be "milked" good!

They all have peculiarities especial to their particular race, these newcomers. Said a Lynn policeman to me, one who has had years of experience in dealing with the Poles:

"The trick in successful dealing with a row among a nest of foreigners is to start your club going the second you enter the room. You want to impress 'em at the start. Thus you get 'em convinced before any one has a chance to figure and then duck a knife into you!"

Said a policeman in the North End of Boston, the famous headquarters of the Italian persuasion:

"Catch an Italian at some slight offence and warn him, but not arrest him, and you have made him your enemy for life. Hale him to court and make him pay a fine, and he's your friend for life. Simply a peculiarity of the Italian character—that's all."

Bangor, Portland, Lewiston, Aroostook County logging camps, Vermont sugar camps, Manchester mills, Northern Vermont stone quarries, guides in the Maine woods, lobster fishermen, servants and "help" in the summer hotels—"the foreigner." Ah, well! Gaze at the sagging roof and decaying hand-hewn beams of some Maine, New Hampshire or Vermont deserted farmhouse, the type of house that dates from the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the most perfect architecture yet devised in its suggestion of cosey, protecting usefulness. As you linger over the plaintive, penetrating Tennysonian panorama, the broad valley, the purple hills, verging into the august mountain heights in the far distance, you remember that this life of the gone, of the real, New England was mastered by a blood drawn from the craglike Scots or North of Ireland men. They settled Londonderry and numerous other sections of Northern New England. The Irish came into Maine and put able generals into the Revolution. The Dutch, too, dispatched their stout fighters to this region. The Welsh got foothold also on the New Hampshire-Maine line. And they fought wisely and built well.

"A new race is arising!" you exclaim as you turn away from the deserted farmhouse, feeling the weird force of Shelley's lines:

> They have gone
> With their old forests wide and deep.
> And we have built our houses upon fields
> Where their generations sleep.

You pray, on your stroll back to the mountain tavern: "May these newcomers, with their peasant brawn and eager ambitions, employ the heritage the real New Englander has left, to become Americans in the truest sense!"

Quips and Jests That Came With the After Dinner Coffee

HIS REAL MOTIVE.

General F. D. Grant, at a Washington's Birthday dinner in New York some years ago, told a story about a young Boston Tory.

"This Tory," he said, "fought during the Revolution neither on one side nor on the other. He took a pleasure trip on the Continent, and he didn't come back home again until the war was over.

"He was treated very coldly by society on his return, and this grieved his good old mother to the heart.

"The dear old lady tried to explain the matter one afternoon to a Boston belle.

"'Naturally, as the head of the family,' she said, 'my son could not take part in the war. To him fell the duty, perhaps the more arduous duty, of protecting his mother and sisters and looking after the interests of the estate.'

"'Oh, madam,' said the belle, with an icy smile, 'you need not explain. I assure you, I'd have done exactly as your son did—I'm such a coward!'"

SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM.

The late Joseph E. G. Ryan, of Chicago, was one of America's leading press agents. Mr. Ryan, who died a millionaire, owed much of his success to his brilliance as a raconteur. With good stories he won his way to the heart of the American editor.

Mr. Ryan often told a Washington's Birthday story to illustrate the futility of false and lying excuses—a story about a clubman who did not get home till the small hours from a Washington's Birthday celebration at the club.

"The clubman unlocked his front door softly," Mr. Ryan would say. "He took off his boots in the hall, and he tiptoed upstairs in his stocking feet. His wife, it seemed, was asleep. Listening to her deep and regular breathing, he undressed with slow and noiseless care.

"But suddenly her deep and regular breathing ceased, she stirred uneasily, and in a panic the clubman dived under the couch—dived, unfortunately, with too much force, for he knocked off one of the couch's frail legs, and down it came with a loud crash on top of him.

"'Why, George!'

"As he crawled out sheepishly from beneath the wreck, his wife exclaimed:

"'Why, George, what on earth are you doing?'

"Despite the date, and despite the celebration which he had been attending, the clubman, as he got slowly to his feet, answered:

"'I guess, dear, I must have been dreaming that I was aeroplaning.'"

MODERN BEAUTY.

"George Washington would have been shocked by our wonderful modern beauty shops," said Miss Ethel Barrymore, apropos of the approaching holiday, at a tea at the Colony Club, in New York.

Miss Barrymore, to whom the services of a beauty shop are never necessary, went on with a smile:

"I heard of a young man the other day who said to his best girl:

"'I visited that fashionable Fifth avenue palmist this afternoon, and he told me I'd marry a blonde.'

"The girl, who was very dark, said thoughtfully:

"'Did he say when the marriage would take place?'

"'Yes; in three months.'

"'Well, I can easily be a blonde by that time, dear,' said the girl with a shy smile."

HOWLERS.

William H. Maxwell, superintendent of New York's public schools, was quoting "howlers"—howlers being the technical name for queer errors in examination papers.

"The new year's best crop of howlers," he said, "are these:

"'Grace Darling was a light housekeeper.'

"'There are five continents—a, e, i, o and u.'

"'A centipede is a French measure of length.'"

THE BETTER METHOD.

The late A. Tennyson Dickens, during an interview in Chicago, condemned the war in Tripoli vehemently.

"Slavery," he said, with a bitter smile, "is now abolished. We no longer steal a people and sell them into bondage. No, no, indeed. We just steal their country and charge them so much for governing it that they have to work twice as hard as slaves to pay their taxes."

OUTGROWN.

Postmaster General Hitchcock, replying at a Washington reception to a compliment upon his management of the nation's mails, said with a smile:

"But the Postoffice is still burdened with old-fashioned restrictions and rules—makeshifts which sufficed when the country was small, but which are most unsatisfactory now that we have grown so vast.

"Those outgrown makeshifts remind me of a shared umbrella. An umbrella, you know, is a shelter for one and a shower bath for two."